

## Separated by Kombat Nikkila

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**Summary:** Just finished Stranger Things 2, so spoilers are ahead obviously. What if Eleven couldn't open that gate and it closed on her when she was trapped in the Upside Down? This will follow her story, Will Byers, and Mike Wheeler in the time that they were separated. I promise it's a lot better if you read it.

## 1. Chapter One: The Upside Down

Hey guys, I know I haven't updated in literally years. What can I say, I procrastinate! Haha. Anyway, I finished *Stranger Things 2* a few days ago in its entirety and thought maybe I could swap it up a bit. There are elements of the second season in this story, so I'd back away if I were someone who has not completed the season quite yet. With that being said, I hope you enjoy this!

### *Day 1*

#### **Mike**

The way that Eleven sat passed out made him even more anxious given the situation.

"Eleven?" he cried. "El?"

"She just needs to recharge, Mike." Lucas says, attempting to get them to head into a classroom before they became the Demagorgan's next meal.

"No, this is different," Mike says. "She's not waking up. Help her up, we gotta get out of here!" Lucas, Dustin and Mike hurriedly pick her up and run through the hallway before stepping into a biology classroom and laying her down onto the table. Her eyes groggily open, but she is still too weak to sit up on her own, settling for laying there on the table. Almost immediately, the gunfire picked up again, coming closer and closer.

"Just...just hold on a little longer, okay?" Mike says softly, taking her outstretched hand. "He's gone. The bad man is gone. We'll be home soon," he whispers frantically, gunfire still echoing in the background. Eleven begins crying. "You can eat as many Eggos as you want, and...we can go to the Snow Ball." A smile forms on Eleven's face.

"Promise?" she says, so soft that her voice cracks from tears.

"Promise," he responds, without hesitation. A loud growl is heard

from outside the classroom. Suddenly, the gunfire ceased and there was only a deafening silence.

"I-i-is it dead?" Dustin asks, trembling.

*Bang...Bang...BANG.*

The door comes down with the weight of the Demagorgan riding it. Lucas begins fumbling with his equipment as the Demagorgan makes its appearance inside the classroom. Its breath and growling say without words how hungry it is.

"GO GO GO GO GO!" yells Mike, desperate to protect Eleven.

"Lucas! GET THE WRIST ROCKET!" Dustin screams. Lucas shakingly grabs the rocks out of his bag.

"GET THE ROCKS, GET THE ROCKS!" screams Mike over and over as Lucas loads them into the wrist rocket. He hits the Demagorgan a few times, but to no avail.

"KILL IT!" The boys scream and begin to crowd behind him as he takes his shot with the final rock. As the rock hits the Demagorgan, the creature goes flying backwards into the chalkboard. The boys stumble back a bit, aghast that something so small *actually* worked. However, their feeling of power is short lived as Eleven pushes past the two boys in her way.

"Eleven, stop!" Mike cries, but with a flick of her arm, he is thrown backwards. She takes one final look at Mike, and a moment is shared between the two. In that moment, Mike realized Eleven was going to sacrifice herself to save them all. His eyes begin to tear up.

"Goodbye, Mike," she says, confirming his worst fear and causing the first tear to fall. His limbs fall at his sides, but he doesn't even notice, caught in the look in her eyes which would stay with him forever. She smiles slightly, then turns around.

The Demagorgan screeches at her, desperately trying to get free and devour her, but her stare remains firm and angry on it.

"No more," she calls to it, and lifts her arm, palm facing the creature.

It reaches out for her, but she is too powerful to let it get to her. Her hand begins shaking and she feels the power inside of her, feels the anger at how this is all her fault and Papa made her do this. Her screams echo throughout the room and into the portal which forms itself through black dust and sips her very essence in, bit by bit. Her voice becomes more distorted and more tainted the more she destroys the creature from the inside out.

When Mike blinks once and opens his eyes again, the black dust is still there, but she is gone.

## **Eleven**

She wakes up and at first thinks that she is dead. However, a quick look around confirmed her even greater fear.

### *The Upside Down...*

She begins breathing erratically and stands up. The walls, floors, and just about everything were covered in what looked to be vines, webbing their way throughout the school. However, these vines she didn't want to touch because she could automatically sense the evil radiating off of them.

"Mike?" she calls, running around in circles. "MIKE!" she shouts again, repeating the name as if calling for him would magically sweep her away from the Upside Down. Her eyes fill with tears as she runs throughout the halls, desperate for someone from Hawkins to hear her. As she calls for Mike a final time, she notices a red glow from the end of a hallway in front of her.

She runs towards it, skidding to a stop and peering through. Men in lab coats walk through and are about to shine a light into the upside down before she ducks beside it, out of view of the scientists. The light glares through and lingers for a moment, then it is gone. When she believes they are gone, she turns back to face it, only to find that the gate has now disappeared.

"No! No!" she cries, tears beginning to fall. "Mike! MIKE! No!" Her world seems to collapse in on itself, and she runs through the halls until she finds her way out of the school. Once outside, she looks up

at a red sky, with lightning illuminating the sky with an aura of pure evil. Her eyes are frozen in it, mesmerized, until she remembers that her friends are safe, but she has to find somewhere to survive.

She runs towards Mike's house and finds it locked. The door unlocks and she runs inside and downstairs, to the blanket fort she loves so much. Shivering, she grabs some of the blankets and covers herself in them. Her breathing becomes more and more frequent and she squints her eyes shut and lets out a scream of frustration, which moves some of the furniture in the room. Holding the blankets close to her, she begins sobbing.

"Mike," she whispers. "I'm sorry." She opens her eyes again before grabbing one of the blankets and using it to cover her eyes.

## 2. Chapter Two: The Dream

I return again, so soon with yet another chapter. I know, I'm so cool. I'll be writing this story pretty spacedly though, depending on school. College and all, you know. Anyway, once again, spoilers. Don't say I didn't warn you, cause this first part is pretty much entirely one part of one of the episodes with a bit of a twist. Enjoy, and review what you think I should do, what you liked, didn't like, and all that stuff. It is MUCH appreciated.

### *Day One*

#### Mike

"I've told you *everything*," Mike says frustratedly. The agents had been questioning him for the past thirty minutes and were now infiltrating his home.

"I understand this is difficult Michael," answers the man standing before him, holding his hands together in front of him.

"I don't know where she is," Mike says, even more annoyed. "And even if I did, I would never tell you. I would *never* tell you." His heart beats almost out of his chest, scared but determined to find Eleven on his own and keep her safe.

"I know it's difficult to accept that the stories she told you were not true," says the woman sitting next to him in a caring voice, however Mike knows it is only a pretense in order to get him to tell them everything that he knows. "She is a very dangerous individual."

"If she contacts you again," the man says, "you must tell us."

"Otherwise, you're putting yourself and your entire family at *risk*," the woman finishes. Mike looks down, refusing to meet them in the eye, stopping for a second to look out the window, before returning his gaze back to the floor. "Do you understand, Michael?" He continues to look down. "Do you *understand*?" Mike nods, for the sake of getting them out of here so that he could talk to Eleven already.

The two older agents look at each other before nodding and leaving. Soon enough, the other agents in the house, intent on selling the Russian Spy story to the rest of his family, follow suit, and he is left alone to his own thoughts and devices.

He stares at the wall for a long time and eventually heads down the stairs to the blanket fort he had harbored her in for a week. There, he lays and cries for awhile before grabbing the walkie-talkie and flicking it to channel seven.

"Hello, Eleven? It's Day One since you've been gone, although I guess it's only been a few hours. The bad men just left my house, and they're trying to tell my mom and dad that you're some sort of spy. I don't believe them though, I promise. I just..." he stops for a breath, and tears stream down his cheeks. "I just want to know if you're okay, El. Please."

He waits for a response, but when all he receives is static, he gives up, pushes down the antenna and quietly lays down, crying. He holds the walkie talkie close to his chest and lets his tears flow down. Eventually, he falls asleep, holding one of the blankets that El had slept on previously.

## **Eleven**

When she opens her eyes again, she is in that dark place again. She is cold, but the insistence on seeing him again will not die until she has *some* kind of contact with him.

*"I just want to know if you're okay, El,"* she hears him say, *"Please."*

She focuses on him, how he made her happy, helped her, and cared for her. Suddenly, he appears, sleeping in her blanket fort from his house. She walks up to him, slowly, with water pooling under her eyes.

"Mike," she whispers, as if he will go away if she speaks louder. She walks even further towards him. "Mike." She becomes louder, hoping that he will wake up. "MIKE!"

## **Mike**

"MIKE!"

He jumps up, breathing heavily.

*Did I dream that?* He wonders. There is still only static on his walkie talkie, and he sets off to move the antenna and return to sleep before he hears it again.

"MIKE!" Her voice is emotional, and he drops his hand as quick as lightning and goes to speak.

"El! EL! Are you there? Eleven!" he says, and the radio silence lingers for a moment. Suddenly, he feels a sense as if he is somewhere else, yet not moved. It's almost as if she is right there in front of him, like he can sense her being there, look her in the eyes, despite seeing nothing. He quickly figures out that he doesn't need to physically *see* in order to see her; he can feel her.

"Mike..." she whispers once more. Her hand reaches for him, and they are looking each other in the eyes, although he still is unable to see her. Despite that fact, he can still feel the *cold* radiating off of her. "*I'm alive, Mike.*" The boy is so taken aback by this moment that he can't even say anything, all he can do is reach out for her, just to cement the *feeling* of her.

"*They're coming! THEY'RE COMING!*" he hears her begin screaming, and all hell breaks loose. He hears the monster, although he isn't sure what it is.

"Eleven! ELEVEN! WHERE ARE YOU? TELL ME HOW I GET TO YOU!" He starts yelling at the ghostly figure, unsure what to do and suddenly it's gone and he's terrified, rocking himself back and forth and crying. The walls feel like they are closing in on themselves, sucking him into the black void and-

He wakes up.



### 3. Chapter Three: Mike The Insomniac

Hey, I know it's been a few days and I'm actually working on the next chapter here, and am currently about...I want to say halfway through it? Anyway, I didn't have writer's block, it's just I'm trying VERY hard to keep this in character. Like literally going and watching interviews about the individual actor's take on their characters and everything. Hope you enjoy this next chapter!

#### Eleven

As much as she had tried to contact Mike, finding him asleep had been an issue. Talking to someone while they were dreaming in the dark place was difficult on its own, but knowing that she wouldn't have much time due to the monsters lurking around the Upside Down served only to further complicate matters.

She tries to find the words to tell him she is okay, and that she's glad that he is safe, but as soon as she hears the unfamiliar chittering of a creature, she has to let go. In fear, she manages to tell him they're coming for her, but before she can tell him not to look for her, he is gone, and the blanket she'd been using as a blindfold had to come off.

She opened her eyes groggily, her head feeling a bit hazy after using so much energy. She needed rest, and realized this, but she couldn't rest until she was safe. Her throat was clenched up, saddened by the fact that she had barely gotten to speak to Mike and also terrified at this new sound. It sounded nothing like the Demagorgan, and somehow she knew it was even more evil. The lights begin flickering in a pattern; *two, one, three...*

She puts the blanket down over the front of her in order to hide herself, sure that if she were to encounter this wild creature, she wouldn't be able to use her powers in order to kill it. Even if she did kill it, she thinks, it would just draw even more of them here. She scrunches her body up and as close to itself as she can, and holds her hand over her mouth to muffle the sound of her breathing, which has become very shaky at this point. Her eyes fill with tears and she doesn't bother to hold them in this time, knowing that they would fall

later anyway.

There is a low growling and she feels *colder*. The growling gets closer and she believes that she will never see Mike again, or Dustin, or Lucas, or Joyce, or Hopper. She begins to tremble in fear, but is too afraid to move away from herself. She hears stomping up the stairs and holds her breath. Every step that she hears syncs with her heartbeat and suddenly she feels as if it will burst out of her chest and alert the monster to her location.

The lights flicker without a pattern now, but she barely notices as the ash-like snow begins to fall on her hands and face. She does her best not to breathe it in, but eventually can't help it as she brings her hand down for a second to take in a big breath and then place it back over her mouth. She wonders how much longer she has until the creature finds her and kills her, finalizing her lowering hope of ever seeing Mike again.

The lights flicker less and less, and before long, she is alone again. After a few minutes, she lowers her hand and takes in a bigger breath, sobbing into her knees before laying on her side for some much needed rest.

## ***Day 28***

### **Will**

He hadn't at all expected to get out of the Upside Down or see his friends and family again. Either way, dying was better than this darker alternative; coughing up the sinister looking slug on Christmas night, which had been just three days ago. He guessed it had to be from when the Demagorgan had finally found him and shoved something resembling a vertebrae down his throat, but he supposed it could also have been either his imagination or some sort of side effect of being in the Upside Down.

The nightmares were frequent as ever, but seemed only to happen on nights he truly *thought* about it.

They would always start out normal; him biking through the woods with any number of his friends who had helped free him before

telling him many tales of a girl named Eleven with superpowers who had been the government's test subject for an undetermined amount of years. They would go off toward their own homes and leave him to bike alone, when suddenly, as if a flashcard had been flipped, he was *there* again, and he had no way how to get home.

Calling for anyone wouldn't serve any purpose aside from drawing the Demagorgan even closer to him, which would then cause the dream to end abruptly as he felt the claws of the monster on his shoulder before turning to face it and being eaten.

There were too many nights that he had woken up screaming, only to have his mother and Jonathan come to soothe him back to sleep. However, even in his tired state, he did not miss the worried glances exchanged between his mom and brother.

After the incident, the lab had been taken over by new people due to the Demagorgan and Eleven killing all of the old people who used to run tests on her. These new people were nicer and significantly less threatening than the other group of scientists, of whom Will had only heard about through his friends. After his return, they demanded at least one session with Will a month, and to be updated on any change in his condition or new symptoms.

Understandably, they had diagnosed him with a number of conditions. Whenever he would blink to find himself once again in the upside down with the fear shoving its way down his throat, the doctors would call for him to be brought in immediately and dubbed his experiences 'episodes'. His friends seemed as if they wanted to talk about it, but were reluctant to in front of him. Nevertheless, he was *very* glad to be back and to have some sense of normalcy, despite feeling like some sort of guinea pig for the doctors at the lab.

However, he never missed the lost look in Mike's eyes when the four of them would meet in the Wheeler's basement for their weekly sessions of Dungeons and Dragons. Mike would suddenly quiet and look towards the pillow fort that he refused to take down before someone would get his attention once more and the smile would form again on his lips. Will never saw the brightness spread to his eyes, though.

Tonight, however, was very different. He couldn't sleep and had been tossing and turning when he heard a voice on the radio.

"Is anybody awake?" Mike says, static clinging to his voice. "Over."

Will remembers that he'd forgotten to shut off his radio, and since he wasn't sleeping anyway, he figured he had some time to talk to Mike.

"Yeah, I'm here Mike," he says slowly. "What's going on? Why are you awake? It's-" he glances at the time, "-two in the morning. Over." He lays the radio on his chest as he lays back down.

"Well...I had a dream." Mike pauses. "About Eleven. Over."

"Oh." Will isn't sure how to respond to that. Eleven had saved him, but now was either dead or trapped in the Upside Down. "What happened? In the dream, I mean. Over."

"I don't know, it was like...like she was there, but not there. I couldn't see her, but I knew that she was there." Another pause. "Over."

"That makes her sound like a ghost or something. Over."

"I don't know, Will, I mean it was a dream, but it didn't feel like a dream, you know?" Will hears him take a deep breath, as if trying not to upset Will with his next words. "It was like I woke up, in my dream, and then I felt her. Over." Will's heart starts pounding.

"Do you think she's still alive?" Will can't stop himself before he says it, then covers his mouth in shame.

"I don't know, Will. I don't know." Mike sighs. "Maybe that's the worst part. The not knowing. I just feel like I could have...done something. I mean she held me to that wall, but all I did was sit back and watch. I don't think I'll ever forgive myself. Over."

"Yeah," Will sighs, "I know how you feel. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. I'm sure that she is still alive, even...there." Will's heart begins pounding even more furiously, but he tries to push down his fear, scared that if he gave into it, he would end up there again. "Over."

*"It's all I have left to hope for. She won't answer me when I radio her, but I'm hoping that it's just because either she's tired or too busy fighting monsters."* He hears Mike take a big inhale. *"Wait, hold on. Why are you awake? And you left your comm on! Over!"* Will chuckles quietly.

"I guess I couldn't sleep either." Will answers, and realizes Mike doesn't want to press in case his friend gets upset. However, Will was feeling odd tonight, as if something was watching him. It could have been just his head, but he had a feeling it was something else. "Can you come over?" He asks before he realizes he's saying it.

*"Uh...I'd have to wake up my mom and you'd have to wake up yours, but I don't really think they'll have a problem with it though. Should we invite the others, too? Over."*

"No, I don't have a lot of space. You know this. Anyway, I think my mom will be fine with it too. I just..." Will pauses, unsure if he really is ready to share even the slightest bit of his problem with sleeping and not being aware. With an impulsive thought however, he reconsiders it, but just for tonight, he decides. "I really don't want to be alone. And I don't think anyone else would understand as good as you do, I guess. Over."

*"Oh. Okay, well I'll go ask my mom if I can bike over. I'll let you know in like ten minutes or so? Over."*

"Okay, I'll go ask my mom. Talk to you soon." Will puts the walkie on the desk next to his bed.

He gets up and knocks on his mom's door. He hears some shuffling before his mom's scrunched up face warily opens the door. It's clear that he didn't wake her up, but she was still exhausted.

"Hey, baby. Why are you up so late?" She reaches to hug Will, and he happily embraces back, in need of the temporary comfort that his mom offers. He pulls away soon after.

"I couldn't sleep, and Mike radioed me. He had a nightmare. I was wondering if it's okay that he comes over?" He purses his lips in anticipation, and looks up at his mom with the biggest puppy dog eyes he can muster.

"Oh," she smiles, and right then he knows what she'll say. "I guess it would be alright. But just for tonight!" Will smiles brightly and hugs his mom, thanking her. She hugs him back tightly. "And you guys have to be quiet. Your brother is still asleep and you don't want a big grump in the morning. And tell Mike to keep on his walkie, just in case." A darker expression flashes in her eyes, but then she forces it away and continues hugging her son.

"Yeah, of course Mom. I'll make sure." He pulls away finally and backs away a little bit, anxious to tell Mike the news. "Goodnight, Mom."

"Goodnight, Will. I love you so much." She always says it as if it will be the last time he hears it, because once, not long ago, it almost was. Will pretends not to notice, but he knew that bringing it up would only make it worse for everyone involved.

"I love you too," Will retorts, and heads back into his room.

## 4. Chapter Four: Contact

Once again, I am back! Now, remember while reading this fic that even though yes, it takes place sorta between seasons and during the second season, some things are changed because Eleven is still in the Upside Down and did not escape after just a few minutes. Due to this, I am changing the timeline a little bit and setting it a little more wonky and having things happen before the canon one year time leap. With that being said, here is the next chapter. Hope you all enjoy!

### Mike

Mike takes his place sitting next to Will on the bed. None of them are able to sleep, but they have their beds made already, with Mike's a simple sleeping bag on the floor. They both figure that if they won't be able to sleep, they might as well sit up and talk.

"You know," Mike starts, "if you ever want to talk about it..." Mike pauses, looking at Will. "I'm here, okay? It was hard for us too, I mean, we had to fight it. And Eleven...she's probably there now, fighting it."

"Yeah. I just...don't want anything to change. Does that make sense?" Staring straight ahead, Will begins to fidget, placing his hands together between his knees and rocking them up and down.

"I get it. I don't really like to, either. But maybe it could help. You know, with your episodes." Will inhales sharply, processing on if he really *does* want to talk about it.

"I guess, but it's hard, Mike. If I even get a little afraid, then I...I look up, and I'm back there." Will visibly shudders, remembering his time freezing to death in the Upside Down before the Demagorgan finally got to him. Mike is still looking at him, listening intently. "I don't want you to think I'm weird or something. Everyone already treats me so differently."

"I won't. This happened to all of us, and we all know that you aren't just making this stuff up. It's not like with everyone else." Mike stops,

unsure of how to proceed. He breathes in and out slowly for a few minutes before finally continuing. "I'll help. When you get afraid, I mean. I won't let anything bad happen to you. If you look up and find yourself...*there* again, just remember that you're here. I can still see you." Will nods, color draining from his face. His palms begin to sweat a little, but he trusts his best friend.

"It's always cold," he begins. "It's cold and looks like it's snowing, but it isn't snow. It's like...really cold *ash*. Like someone just burned a lot, but it's *everywhere*."

*He's shivering, with his hands between his knees. It's so cold, and he has no idea how long it's been, but somehow it feels like years. His lips are a dark shade of purple and blue, but all he can manage to do is begin humming a song. Sometimes, he hears the creature running around, growling and chittering in a terrifying combo, but it never comes for him. He knows one day it will, but for now, he's more than happy to manage his heart beating nearly out of his chest and the adrenaline pumping through his veins. He hopes that soon he'll be able to get back to his house and talk to his mother again, through the lights and letters communication system he had set up.*

"Sometimes I would hear the Demagorgan," Will continues, "right as it would go past me. I hid most of the time in my castle, in the woods. The one me and Jonathan built?" Will looks towards Mike for a moment and sees the other boy nodding. He turns back to his fidgeting. "I could talk through the lights to her. I tried to talk to you, but I could never quite get there." He has a haunted look in his eyes, looking straight ahead with tears threatening to fall.

"Hey, Will. It's okay. You're safe." Mike echoes in his head, but he hardly hears it anymore.

Mike tries shaking him, and Will jumps at first, then relaxes. He is *home*.

They sit in a comfortable silence for awhile, both boys either looking straight ahead or at the floor. Mike finally turns to look at him.

"In my dream tonight, about Eleven. I told you I saw her, but didn't see her. It's more like I felt her. She was talking to me, but then she



said that something was *coming*. For who, I don't know, but she sounded really scared." Mike shifts, the feeling of cold blanketing him suddenly. He turns back to look at Will. "What do the doctors say about it?"

"That it's all in my head. They keep saying that it's some kind of thing that happens after a trauma, or something. I can't remember exactly what it's called. They always put all these things on my head, like they're testing my brainwaves." He points to certain places on his temple and other areas on his head. "My mom keeps trying to let me see other therapists, but I guess they don't let her."

"What do *you* think about them? I mean, do you think they're real?"

"I hope they aren't." Will breathes shakily. "But if they are, I mean, if I see something that I think..." Will pauses, thinking over what it is he wants to say. "I'll let you know. But it's barely been a month, Mike." Mike nods. Both of the boys sit in silence after that before deciding to call it a night. Mike slips into his sleeping bag.

"If you get a nightmare," Mike says, "don't worry about waking me up. I'm here for you, Will. I missed you when...you know. We thought you were dead." Will lays flat on his bed, inside of the covers with his palms facing down at his sides.

"I did, too."

## **Day 75**

### **Eleven**

She had struggled with it at first, but eventually began to learn hunting. She wasn't quite a master, but she made do with what she could use. She was somehow skinnier than she had been before due to the lack of nutrition. Hopper left her occasional items in a box she'd stumbled across one day. She only knew it was him because he'd left her a note apologizing to her and saying that if she needed anything to just carve into the box.

She never carved anything, though. As much as she trusted Hopper and the rest, her fear of the bad men figuring out that she had been

communicating with him kept her longing at bay. If they figured it out, then that would get them all killed. She'd tried to go back to the school and search for the gate again, but to no avail.

She carried a box of Eggos and headed towards the Byers' house. She had found that his house was the most familiar, and could swear that on one occasion she had heard him here. If he was here, then she had to find him. She blamed everything that had happened to him and his friends on herself.

Despite the constant fear that snaked its way through her veins on a daily basis, she managed to keep some sort of sanity by listening in on Mike every night. His voice seemed to be the only thing that calmed her down anymore. Every time she would try to alert him of her presence however, she was met with him essentially dissing her, as if unable to believe that he was actually hearing or seeing her. She understood it, to a certain extent.

Today seemed like an odd type of day. There was a whisper; a growl through the wind that terrified her to the bone, even worse than the Demagorgan had. It had started a few days prior, which coincidentally was the first time that she thought she heard Will Byers enter the Upside Down. It seemed to call to her, taunting her to *come closer*, but she would not relent.

She had woken up in this place with a dark feeling in her chest, which had been there too long by the time she discovered what it was. From the feeling of it, it seemed to be a part of the Upside Down itself, coursing through her veins and causing her to become used to the cold.

Coming up in the forest by the Byers' house, which seemed covered in vines, she wonders if the same had happened to Will, but before she could linger on the thought, she was being chased down by some suspicious fog, as if thinking of him caused the black evil to come for her. She gets up quickly and runs as fast as she can.

She bolts into the Byers' house and slams the door closed, holding the door closed with her powers and backing up. Loud banging echoed its way through the atmosphere before a terrifying roar erupts from the source of the banging. After a few minutes, Eleven feels as though

she will collapse due to the monster not relenting, but her fear and adrenaline keep her going. Finally, as if the monster decides to save her for later, it leaves.

Breathing heavily and nearly falling onto the couch, Eleven brings her knees up to her head. She hears footsteps beside her and becomes frightened again. She looks up, ready to destroy whatever was in this house, but when her eyes meet the intruder, she freezes.

"Will?" She whispers, unsure. He stares at her, chest visibly heaving and mouth agape in horror.

"Eleven?" he asks, also unsure. He closes his mouth. "Are you Eleven?"

She nods.

"Wh-what are you doing here?" he stumbles over his words, clearly frightened.

"Trapped." she answers. The boys eyebrows scrunch together in worry.

"Oh," he responds. "Is this real?"

She nods again. He sits next to her on the couch.

"Did the Demagorgan get me again? Am I dead?"

"I don't know," El answers, tiredly. She reaches an arm out to touch him, but he jerks back, afraid. She pulls her hand back to her chest. There is a mutual understanding between the two: no touching.

"Isn't there another gate somewhere? I heard that they are doing burns," Will says simply.

"Bad place."

"Oh, right. The lab," he answers, then takes a deep breath. "Can't we-"

Loud banging interrupts Will, and Eleven sits up again, determined in spite of her exhaustion. Will stands up straight, limbs shivering in

fear. El looks back to him and touches his shoulder.

"Hide."

**Will**

The boy does not need to be told twice. He runs toward his room and closes it before he locks the door, crouching in the furthest corner and sobbing quietly, holding his head in between his hands. He rocks back and forth, begging for this nightmare to be over.

*Will!*

He trembles worse now, squinting his eyes shut and trying to hold himself together before the monster gets him again.

"WILL!" He looks up to see Mike's face, whose features are carved into pure worry. "Will, are you okay? What's wrong? What happened?" His hands are on Will's shoulders.

"Mike, I saw her." He says quietly, staring straight ahead. Mike's face contorts in confusion.

"What are you talking about? Who did you see?" Will sits up properly, pushing off Mike's arms from him lightly.

"I saw Eleven. She saved me." Mike sits back, frozen.

"H-how is that possible? I thought that...it wasn't real?"

"I don't know. But she said it was. I-I just left her there!" Will begins to sob now. Mike hugs his best friend cautiously, soaking in the new information.

"It's okay, Will. It's okay." He says slowly.

He'd come there once again in the middle of the night on an impulse. Their mothers had agreed, but said it was the last time, because the last time it happened Mike and Will had slept in too late. However, with this new information, Mike was sure that Eleven was indeed alive, but he had no idea how to contact her.

What were they going to do?

## 5. Chapter Five: The Arcade

Hey guys, so sorry for the long wait. I had a project and ugh, it was dreadful. Anyway, here's the next chapter. Personally, one of my favorite scenes in the new season is at the arcade. Music is awesome, scene is awesome, acting is awesome. It's just amazeballs. Also my Instagram is now accepting new followers kombatnikkila. Anyway, here you guys go!

### *Day 112*

#### **Will**

Will had to go in after that last episode. At first, he'd been reluctant to tell anyone, but his mother had walked in to see Mike and Will crying in each other's arms and had smoothly pushed Mike away from her son in order to take him into her own hands and ask him what was wrong. After two minutes of his mom asking him over and over what was wrong, he'd given up and decided to tell her what happened. She'd made a call to the lab after that.

A few days after that, he'd sat in the hospital gown, getting marked on his head and letting the doctors stick him like a pin cushion. They'd attached wires and such to his head in the places he'd been drawn on, just like all the times before. Not long after, his therapist had come in and asked him about his episode. He told him he'd walked out of his room, heard banging on the door, and then rushed into his room completely terrified.

He decided that if these episodes really were real, then he'd leave Eleven out of it for now. If what he'd heard about her and the people who used to work here was true, then he did not want to jeopardize her freedom. He knew as soon as he uttered the number, the scientists would pounce all over it and venture into the Upside Down to look for her.

Tonight however, he would forget about all that and just have some fun at the arcade.

Having his mom drop him off anywhere that a parent wouldn't be

supervising him always took a lot of convincing. Ever since he'd gone missing for a week, his mother did not let him bike anywhere alone or walk. Some nights, like tonight, she would let him go out with his friends without a parent present, but only because there were working adults at the arcade.

She insistently reminded him for at least the third time in the last ten minutes that if he wanted to come home, to just call her, to not go anywhere else, to stay with his friends, and that she would be there at 9 pm on the dot. He smiles annoyedly, desperate to get out of the car for a night with his friends. She smiles back at him as he gets out of the car and tells him to have fun. He smiles, genuinely this time, and he turns back towards the arcade and runs inside.

He quickly sees his friends and runs over to them, taking his place beside Mike and Lucas. Dustin passionately slams onto the buttons of Dig Dug, desperate to beat Lucas' high score.

"Dude, go right! No, left!" Lucas yells excitedly. Everyone else is jumping up and down, encouraging Dustin to win. Suddenly, the dragon shot fire at him before he had the chance to grab the magic sword, resulting in the all-too-familiar death scene. Lucas is laughing so hard that squeaks can be heard before he takes another breath.

"Damn it!" Dustin yells. He slams on the machine, angered. "I hate this stupid game! It's so overpriced!"

"I knew you couldn't beat me!" Lucas exclaims in between laughter. Dustin scoffs.

"Yeah, well, I'm gonna beat your score one day. This game is still new, I just gotta break it in."

"Well, until then, Princess Daphne is only making those kissy faces for me!"

"You know, I am still top score on pretty much all the other good games in here. How about you try beating those, *Lucas*?" Dustin snickers.

"You're on!" Lucas says, then pulls out his remaining change, counting

each coin. "I still got 5 quarters!"

"Seriously? Where did you get that much?"

"I did some chores for Mrs. Kranz. She's pretty nice if you actually know how to do her dishes the right way."

The two kept bickering about money and games and Will smiled to himself. He had been so glad that upon his return, his friends were still normal and he could be a normal kid around them. He put his hands in his pockets.

*Will...*

He hears a dark whispering right near him and turns behind him to search for the culprit, however he's greeted with snow falling just outside the arcade. He stares at it, confused that it was snowing in March.

"Hey guys," he says, dazed by the falling snow. He turns around towards his friends. "Guys, do you see the-"

No one is there.

He looks around the building, not moving his feet, before suddenly the lights flicker and then his whole world becomes *darker*. He closes his mouth and gulps. Behind him, the door, now covered in black vines, swings open. He wills himself to stay inside but he feels his feet moving, as if they have a mind of their own.

He looks up at the sky in the Upside Down, greeted with the sight of what looked like a giant tornado with red lightning. He felt terrifying energy coming from the storm, and although he couldn't see its eyes, he knew it was looking at him, as if examining him. He stops, unable to move. The tornado cloud seems to be all over Hawkins, and he can feel its evil intentions. Death, decay, murder, all part of the plan for everyone but him. He sits there frozen before he hears the growling. He is about to move involuntarily again, but this time towards it, as if just his body is drawn to it but inside his mind is blank except for the *fear-*

"Will!" he hears behind him. Will turns quickly to see that Mike is



outside. "Are you okay?" Will stares back at the sky, seeing nothing but a dark blue sky.

"Yeah," Will says, still dazed at the sky. "Yeah, I just...I needed some air." Mike strides over towards him.

"Well, come on," Mike says, grabbing Will and twisting him towards the door, walking him back. "Dig-Dug is open, so we're playing that now. You gotta stay with us, okay?" Will senses the worry in his voice, and nods. They reach the door and pull it open.

## **Eleven**

It almost seems as if it's gotten colder in the Upside Down.

There is a dark shadow in the sky and with one look she can tell it's the one that intruded on her and Will that night. She'd been waiting for him to show back up, knowing that eventually he would, even if she didn't want him to for his own safety.

She walks by some place called "Palace" and wonders what that meant. She'd never been exposed to much at her time in the lab, so she wasn't familiar with all the machines lying around the inside. She figured Mike would know.

She had a harder time keeping up her strength enough to communicate with him, so after she made sure Mike's basement was clear of monsters, she would put the blindfold she'd made over her eyes and listen to Mike talk to her on his walkie talkie. He called her every single night, and it broke her heart not to be able to tell him she was there, that she was alive.

She could never find any food good enough to eat outside of the Eggos that Chief Hopper would leave for her. Sometimes he left her cereal. He must have known that she was still alive, otherwise he would have stopped leaving it for her.

Of course, she could also hunt, but her ability with that was limited because she didn't ever find anything that didn't make her sick immediately afterwards. She was skinny, to the point that she feared if she became any skinnier, her bones would just burst through her

skin.

She hears a growling in the distance behind her, and heads closer to it. She figures if that monster wanted her, it would have killed her already, and she wasn't entirely sure it even knew she was here. It seemed to only become very active whenever Will was around, which she found odd, but then again, everything here was strange.

She hears a door slam somewhere close to her. She runs off behind a car, believing the noise to be a monster that she couldn't fight off currently because she hadn't eaten today. She hears small footsteps, then realizes with a start that Will is the one walking outside of the Palace building. She gets up and runs over to him, making it right to him as he disappears.

Her eyes go wide in shock and she looks back up at the monster before running for Mike's basement again. If the monster didn't know that she was there, then she was going to keep it that way for as long as she could.

## 6. Chapter Six: Easy-Peasy

Holy crap it's been awhile, I am so sorry! My keyboard literally stopped working from the left side, I was so annoyed. Thank F\*CK I got it working again. Anyway, HERE YA GO HAPPY HOLIDAYS BOIIIIIII-

### *Day 125*

#### **Mike**

After finding out that Will had seen Eleven, Mike was upset, to say the least. The one girl he'd met that was willing to listen to him talk all the time was now trapped in the upside down.

However, that didn't take away from the fact that something...*different* was now happening to Will. The even stranger thing this time, though, was that it lined up perfectly with Dustin and his new creature he'd discovered in the trash only two days prior.

A darker part of Mike was glad that this was all happening again. Everyone had been so quick to move on and he had been stuck to deal with the aftermath of losing Eleven by himself. Now, finally, he could take charge of something, and play the super hero.

He was the leader of the group, and now with the addition of Max into the whole mess, things became more complicated and he had become sour to the poor girl. He no longer felt like the leader; he felt like the party's joke.

As for right now though, Max had broken into the AV Club room and the creature that Dustin had named Dart had run out of the room and they had all rushed out to find him. If he was truly the creature that Will had spit up in his sink on Christmas, then they needed to find him and figure out what to do with him.

After splitting up, the party rushed through their assigned sections of the school, calling for the small creature Dustin had become attached to. Mike couldn't really understand why. After all, if Dart truly was from the Upside Down, then that could mean something big;

something none of them wanted to face again.

## Will

Darting into the bathroom, Will heard a sort of chitter, similar to what he heard during his episodes. He wasn't fully confident that Dustin's new pet was what he had coughed up on Christmas, but the sounds were similar enough to slow his walking towards the stall. Fear crept its way down his spine as he approached the first door.

Slowly pushing it open, he sighs in partial relief that Dart is not there. He repeats the process with the next few doors until he reaches the last one.

With a gasp of fear, he spots the creature and cautiously holds up the walkie, alerting his friends of Dart's location. They instruct him to stay there until they arrive. He drops his hand, satisfied that the creature hadn't attacked him.

"It's okay," he mumbles, placing his hands on his knees, "I'm not gonna hurt you." Dart then turns to face him, face opening up like flower petals with rows of horrific teeth, and screeching at him. Will drops his device and sprints out of the bathroom, panting.

The lights begin to flicker, and once again the poor boy looks up to find himself there again. To his left, he sees a dark black cloud of shadows chasing after him, growling. His eyes go wide in fear and he sprints outside as fast as he can, but the monster is faster.

It hums a sickeningly dark sound, and he can feel its evil intent with him.

*"Only this time, I didn't run," Bob says, so full of confidence that Will shows himself to feel hope.*

Will slows his fearful sprinting to a shaky jog. Perhaps if he just did what Bob did-

*"I turned to look at him, and I said 'Go away. Go away!'" Bob continues firmly. Will looks at him, astonished. Could that actually work?*

The frightened boy turns around slowly, trembling.

"Go...away," he says, his breath more in the words than his voice. The monster continues its assault on him regardless of his words. Its shadowed arm begins reaching for him, seeming sharp as a knife.

"Go...away!" he says more confidently. "Go away!" Tears pool in his eyes, desperate to be rid of everything to do with the Upside Down. The arm twists and turns and bends, uncaring of Will and his tears.

"GO AWAY!" he screams, the tears lining down his cheeks like a waterfall, "GO AWAY! GO AWAY!" but his screams do nothing to deter it as it grows closer to him, spinning like a hurricane, like a tornado, all the ground seeming to aid its assault on Will and claim him before-

*"Just like that," Bob snaps his fingers and chuckles. "Easy-peasy!" He looks back at Will, who is filled with a new determination.*

-shoving the darkness, the *essence* of the monster into Will, through his eyes, his mouth, his nose, and his ears. He doesn't think he's ever felt so scared in his life, but he can feel himself slipping away, like slowly he's *becoming* the monster, and he can't breathe, but distantly he thinks he hears someone calling for him. The chilled blackness of the shadow monster is inside him, and all he feels anymore is *cold*.

*"Yeah," Will agrees, smiling. "Easy-peasy."*

## **Eleven**

The monster had been strangely quiet today, and she couldn't help but worry. It had been targeting Will; she knew that much but could never muster enough energy to actually catch up to Will before he disappeared again. She had a feeling that the monster was very aware of her, but since she could defend herself against it, she never was bothered by it unless she interrupted whatever it was doing with Will.

On the night she had spoken to him in the version of his house in the Upside Down, the monster had sent a lot of other, smaller creatures after her, but she had merely killed them all with a bat she had found in the trunk of what seemed like a car. It had nails all over it, and she managed to figure out, after all this time, the creatures' weak spots.

Since she could never get in contact with Will after that night, she supposed it decided she wasn't worth the effort.

She had done her best, however, to avoid using her powers. She didn't want the monster finding out about them, afraid of what it might do to her. Secretly, she feared that monster was a concoction of the lab, which she desperately tried not to think about.

She opens the box that Hopper leaves things for her in, grateful to find a few sandwiches. She greedily takes a bite.

"Go...away," she hears in the distance, and her heart pounds in her chest. She puts the food back into the box and runs towards the voice, which continues to yell.

"GO AWAY! GO AWAY!" she hears the voice scream frantically. She knows who it is, but still isn't prepared for what she stumbles upon.

Will is in the middle of a black cloud created by the monster, choking and taking in parts of the black smoke in places that made her realize that she was too late.

"WILL!" she screams, sprinting towards him. "WILL!" she sees the school in front of him and pushes herself to go faster. She has to get to him; he's in danger because of her.

"STOP! STOP IT!" she screeches at the monster, tears falling down her cheeks. The monster throws a menacing glance in her direction before thrusting its arm in her direction and returning back to its prey.

Finally she reaches Will, still not touching him. She looks towards the arm coming her way and, with a splitting headache, stops it in mid air.

The confrontation seems to startle it enough, and as it begins to growl angrily, she takes the opportunity to reach towards Will and grab his arm to steady herself. Unfortunately, neither of them are steady enough for weight, so she falls onto the warm floor, full of green grass.

**Mike**

With no luck finding Dart in the bathroom, Mike began to notice the absence of his friend, Will.

"Maybe Will has him," Lucas says, referring to Dart. Mike put the pieces together and looked back at Lucas.

"Where is Will?" he says quietly. The others look around, wide-eyed. They all share a look and then scramble out of the bathroom to search for their friend.

Dustin took to looking around the halls, with Max in tow. Lucas paired with Mike, and they decided to look outside.

Looking around, Mike saw Joyce's car parked wildly across the grass. He looks at Lucas, and they seem to both understand that something else other than just another one of Will's episodes.

Suddenly they spot Will, and they both run towards him. He is standing around like a zombie, with his eyes rolling around behind his eyelids. Unsure if he was having another episode or a seizure, Mike puts his hands on the boy's shoulders, shaking them slightly. His breathing becomes frantic as he receives no response other than the sound of what sounded like choking.

"Will?" he says, glancing up and down his face. Something was happening, but it was much different than all the other times before. "Will!" he turns to face Lucas. "Go get the others!" Lucas nods quickly and takes off toward the door.

Mike continues shaking Will, but he's not responding at all. Joyce and the others slam the door open and sprint towards the two.

"I just found him like this!" Mike yells towards Joyce. He steps back, letting her take his place.

"Will?" she shouts, worry evident in her voice. "Sweetie, it's mom!" She shakes him. "Wake up! Wake up, Will!" Mike can hear her voice start faltering from the sobs threatening to weave into her cries for her son.

The others just stand around, watching in horror. There was nothing they could do to help their friend, and they knew it. What was going

on?

Suddenly Will took a huge intake of breath and his eyes opened wide. Everyone stumbled back as his eyes rolled back and he fell down, his mother catching him.

"Will! Oh my God, baby are you okay?" Joyce sobs. Will opens his eyes groggily.

"Eleven..." he rasps out, twisting himself out of his mother's arms and crawling to the right, towards an unconscious body.

Mike freezes.